

*Keep.* And hang for't afterward.

*Pal.* By this good light  
Had I a sword I would kill thee.

*Keep.* Why my Lord?

*Pal.* Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually  
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.

*Keep.* Indeepe you must my Lord.

*Pal.* May I see the garden?

*Keep.* Noe.

*Pal.* Then I am resolut, I will not goe. (routs)

*Keep.* I must constrain you then; and for you are danger  
He clap more yrons on you.

*Pal.* Doe good keeper.

He shake'em so, ye shall not sleepe,

He make ye a new Morrisse, must I goe?

*Keep.* There is no remedy.

*Pal.* Farewell kinde window.

May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dreame how I suffer. Come; now bury me.

*Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*

*Scena 3. Enter Arcite.*

*Arcite.* Banishd the kingdom? tis a benefit,

A mercy I must thanke'em for, but banishd

The free enjoying of that face I die for,

Oh t'was a studdied punishment, a death

Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance

That were I old and wicked, all my sins

Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon;*

Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see

Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,

And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede

Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,

That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall:

Good gods? what happines has *Palamon*?

Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,

And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come)  
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what  
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,  
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,  
And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.  
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me,  
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:  
He see her, and be neere her, or no more.

*Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.*

1. My Masters, he be there that's certaine.

2. And he be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding;  
Let the plough play to day, he tick'it out

Of the lades tailes to morrow.

1. I am sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:

But that's all one, he goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,  
And all's made up againe.

3. I doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her  
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should aile us?

3. *Arcas* will be there.

2. And *Sennors*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r dancd under green Tree,  
And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaster keep touch  
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.

3. Hee'le ate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mar-  
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-  
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must  
daunce too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

E 3

and